



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

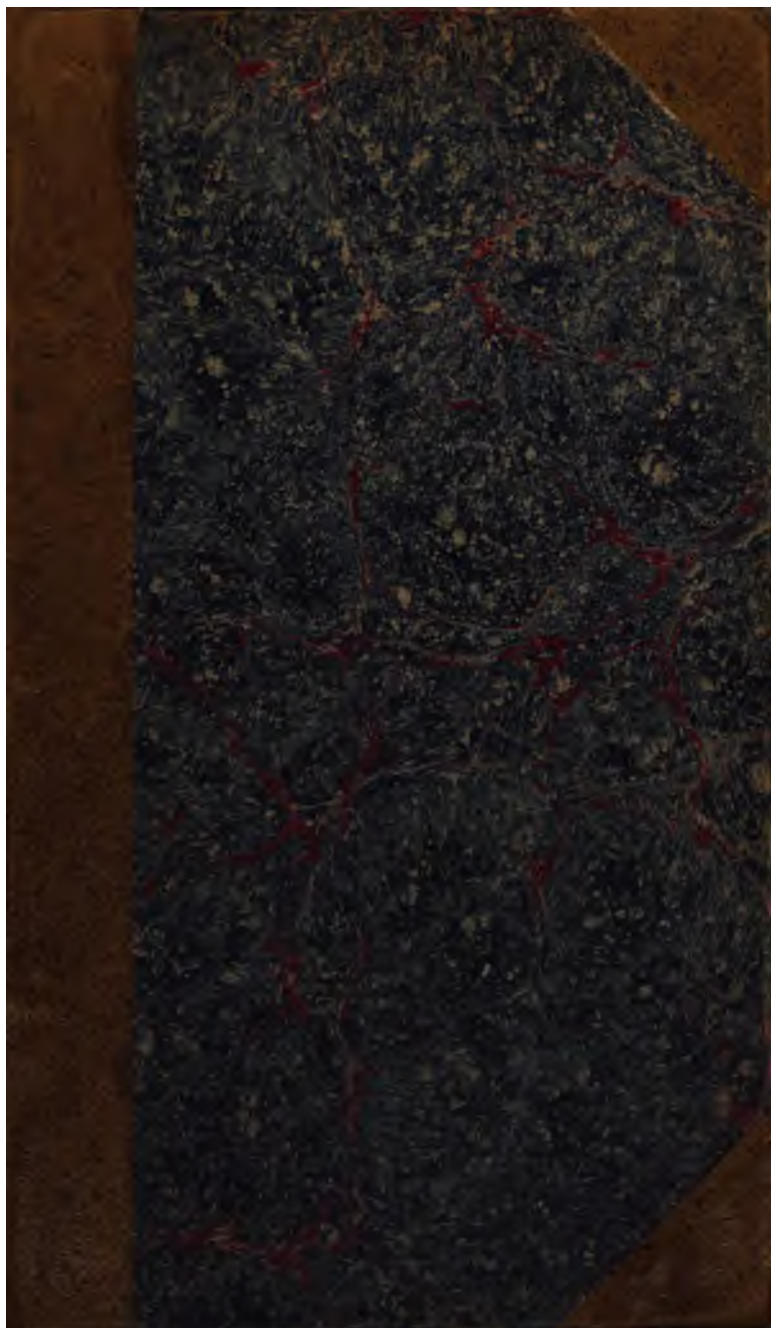
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

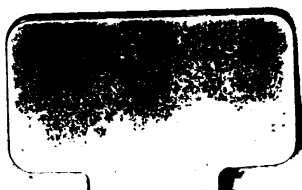
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

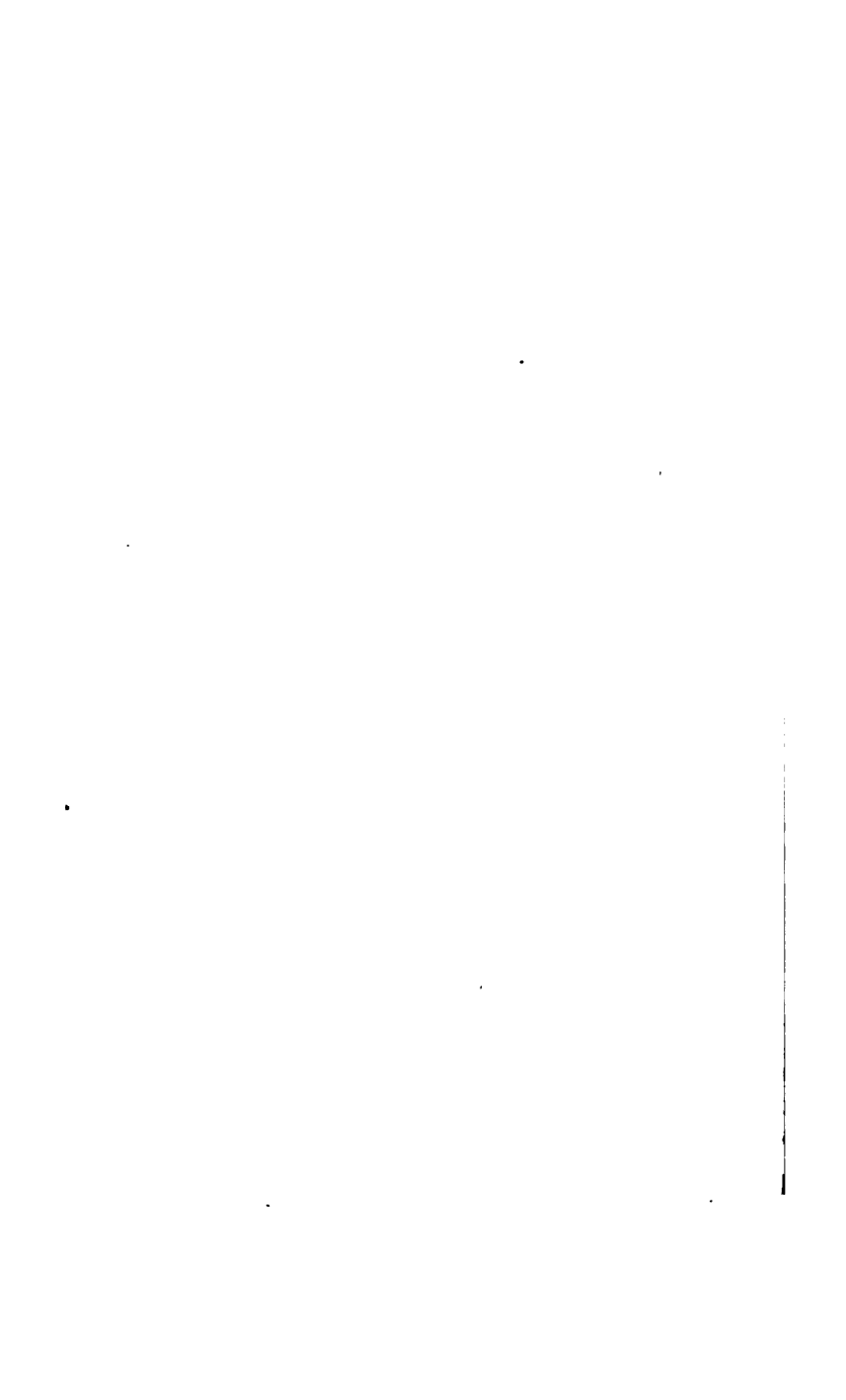
About Google Book Search

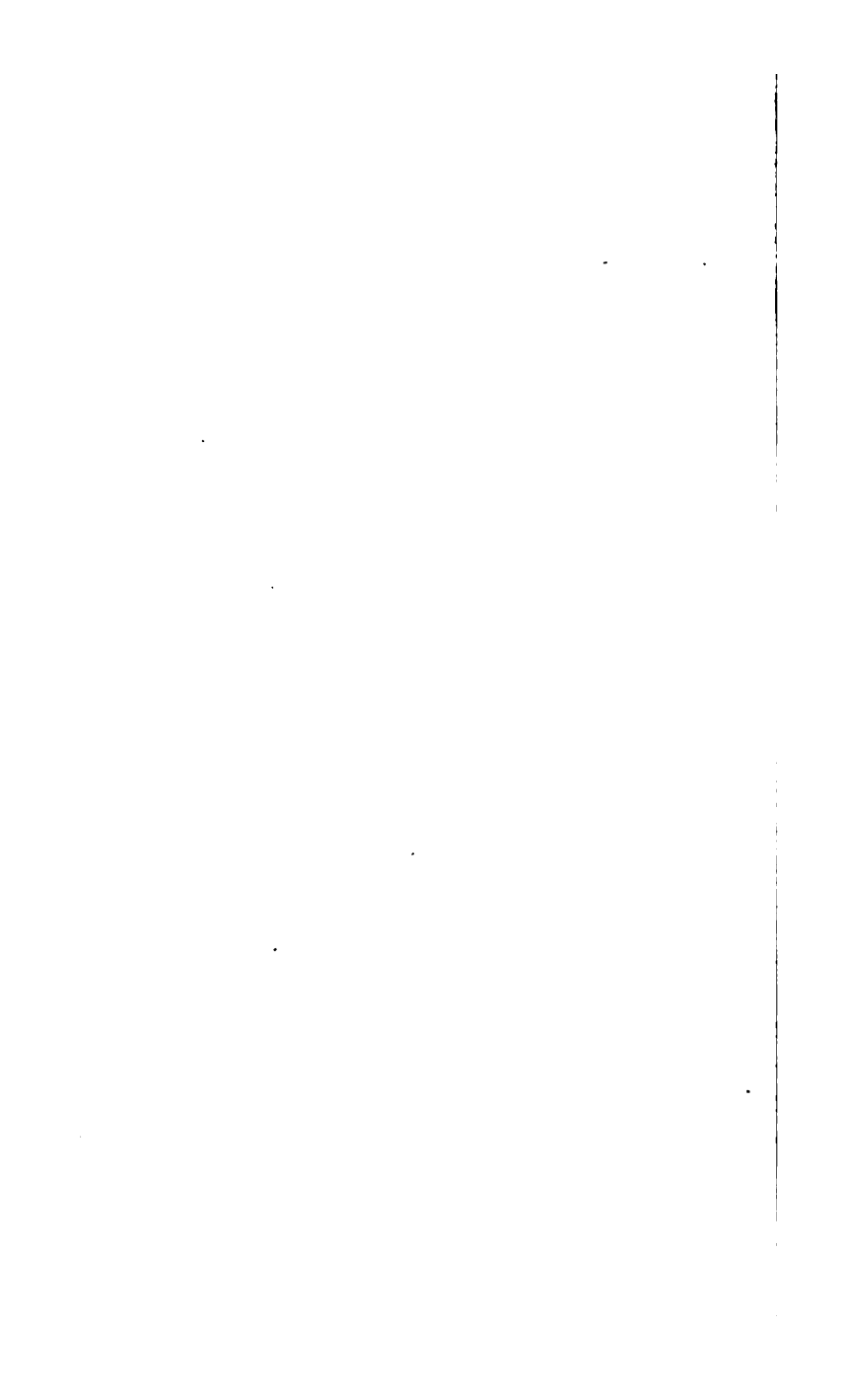
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



2799 f. 145







HOMER

IN A

NUT-SHELL:

OR, THE

ILIAD of HOMER

IN

Immortal Doggrel.

By Nickydemus Ninnyhammer, F. G.

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere, fidus
Interpres. ————— Hor.

Odi Buttonios, servum pecus.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. Sparkes over against the Golden Lyon in Fetter-lane in Fleet-street. 1715.





THE
DEDICATION.

*Non moreris, Gilberte, volas sed vivus
ad astra,
Qualis ab aetheriis vectus Enochus equis.*

I HAD for a plaguy while a
most *itching* Inclination to
Dedicate these my Rhymes
(such as they are) to the late
Pious B—p of S—m: But (as the De-
vil wou'd have it) just as I had success-
fully finished my *Game at Crambó*, away
slips my Patron, as nimbly, as a *lean-
chop'd Comedian* at sight or smell of a
Bumbailiff; bilks the Poet, and leaves
poor Pillgarlick in the lurch, like a *Shift-
less Lady of Pleasure* at the *Rose*, with-
out so much as an *Hog* in his Pocket to
A 2 pay

The DEDICATION.

pay the Reckoning. However, he being a Man of such an exorbitant Mutton-fist, and withal of so uncommon an Head-piece, I take upon me for once to strike out of the Road of *Common Sense*, and inscribe this Epic Poem to his *Ghost*.

Herein (I must needs own) I have the best of the lay by a Dedication to a dead Corps, that the Devil's in't, if any one can tax me as a fawning Parasite, where I have the Prospect of Dining with no one but Duke *Humphry*. Besides, 'twill Tickle my honest Brothers of the Bottle to hear *those things said* of this Hogshead of Divinity, *now he is Dead*, which no one durst say of him while he was alive, for fear of *Scandalum Magnatum*. But though I ignore not, that the Picture of so tall, so amiable a May-pole, must needs be hugely diverting to the Publick, *were I able to draw it in its full Dimensions*: Yet Folks would take me for as great a Coxcomb as any of the Wits at *Button's*, should I pretend to undertake a thing that I have no manner of Notion of.

But

The DEDICATION.

But however, a good Stock of Assurance will make shift to supply the defect of Understanding. And so — have at him — hit or miss.

His consummate Pretensions to all kinds of Business, his awaking Sonorousness in his extempore Rhapsodies, his active Zeal for the Interest of old Glorious, and the Dexterity he had in the Art of Conveyancing, are Subjects easy to be enlarged upon, but 'tis much easier to let 'em alone. I am sure 'tis much more to the purpose, to lament the Misfortune which hath befallen his Country-men, the Poor Pedlars, by the Death of so generous a Supporter of Scotch-cloth, in opposition to L—n-Sleeves, those Rags of the Scarlet Whore.

*He Snored not in a barren Admiration of the * Black Arts, wherein he himself was so great a Master; but was agitated with those wild Looks, and astonishing Postures, they naturally*

* Vide his Will.

The DEDICATION.

Inspire: Which made that pickled Youth Tommy rouse his lazy Bones, fancy himself a clever Fellow, and fall a Scribbling for the Benefit of the Pastry Cooks. It is well known, that very few celebrated Pieces have been Published by his hopeful Son for these Two or Three last Years, for which he was not either recompensed by his Bounty, jerk'd by his Horse-whip, bastinadoed, kick'd, cuff'd, and cudgell'd at sundry times by various Hands, or, glad to compound by humble Submission, and asking Pardon of the Parties offended, in propria Persona. And, should he fail to inherit his Father's Genius, though some arch Wags may be apt to impute it to a want of Understanding; yet, those who have the Happiness to be acquainted with his unparalleled Modesty, will know more justly how to account for it.

*The Cause of Whiggism, Fanaticism, and Occasional Conformity will receive no small advantage in future times, when it shall be observed that the B—p
of*

The DEDICATION.

of S—m was one of the strenuous Advocates, who ne'er turn'd Tail to the good old Cause; and that Daniel Burgefs, and most of those Tub-thumpers, who were Eminent for Pulpit-Drolls, and Sunday-Comedians, were by his Influence and Example engag'd in the same Interest.

I hope therefore the Publick will excuse my Ambition for thus joining in Consort with Mr. Leslie, and Mr. Sewell, those applauded Correspondents of his, who have often payed him this kind of Epistolary Homage: Especially, since I am also prompted to it by Gratitude, for the many Favours he intended to confer on me, if he had lived; and do it at a time, when he cannot suffer by the Importunity of my Dunning.

I know not how more artfully to conclude this Address, than with an admirable Piece of Lyrick Poetry, written by my Honoured Uncle *Timothy Puzzle-pate Esq;* and Justice of the Peace, set to Musick by Mr. *Thomas D'Urfy.*

The. DEDICATION.

A Pindarick Ode, Occasioned by the
Corps of the late B——p of S——m,
which was happily Interred at *Clar-*
kenwell Church by Devil Pe——d.

I.

*Old G——t, they say,
Is gone out of the way ;
There's the Devil and all to do ;
For the Devil of Hell,
And of Clarkenwell,
Are fall'n by the Ears anew.*

II.

*I am sure, he is mine
By a Right Divine,
Quoth the Dev'l of the Stygian Ferry ;
But the Devil of Clarken
To him would not hearken ;
So they Scolded until they were weary.*

III.

*I'll ne'er, Quoth the Parson,
Wear Trowzers mine A---se on,
If I han't Brawny Gil. to my share :
Quoth Satan, I trow,
To Hell he must go,
For all his Scotch Clan are gone there.*

IV.

The DEDICATION.

IV.

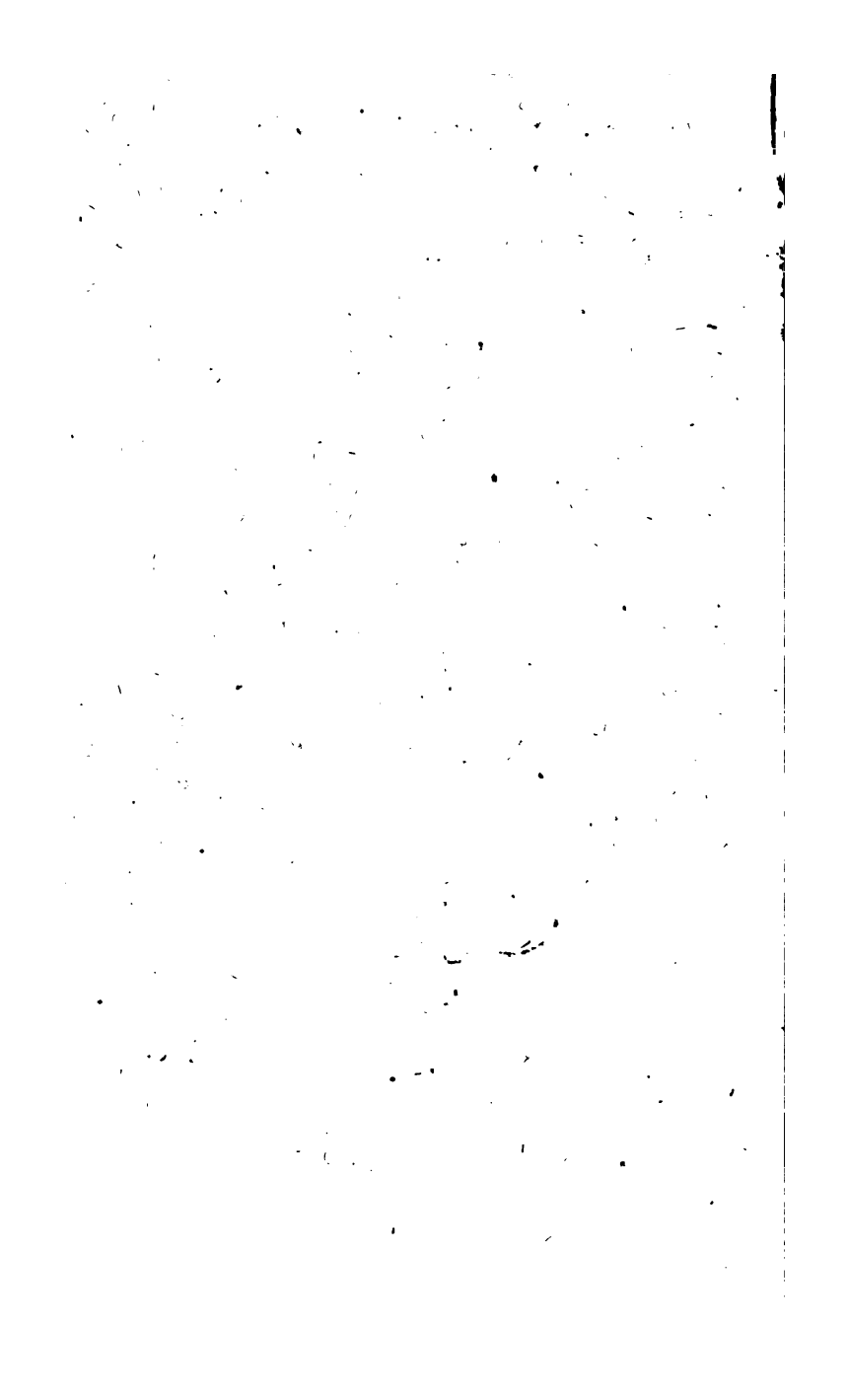
*So, to make 'em both Friends,
Old S—m commends
His Soul to the Devil of Hell;
And his Body in trust
To be laid in the Dust
By the Devil of Clarkenwell.*

V.

*And who can now doubt
After all this damn'd rout,
But it needs must be marvellous true?
And now S—m is dead,
It well may be said,
That the Devil has had his due.*



TO





TO THE
READER.

THIS is to certify all whom it may concern, that I had a Maggot come into my Head some time ago to Translate all Homer's Works, but had the Pleasure of being Mortified, by finding the *Iliad* so incomparably done by Mr. Pope, and the *Odyssæis* design'd to be infinitely better Translated by Mr. Tickell, alias Jo. Addison. I would not therefore be thought to endeavour to prejudice Mr. Pope, or to have any other View in publishing this small Specimen of *Homer's Iliad*, than to bespeak, if possible, the Favour of the Publick to a Translation of *Homer's Batrachomyomachia*,
to

HOMER's *Iliads*



Sing the rancour of a Knight,
And how the *Greeks* got nothing by't,
What sturdy Souls, as strong as Steel,
He sent before him to the De'el:

Their Bodies left for Dogs, or Vermin,
Or Crows; as *Jove* should best determin.
Now this *Achilles*, being a ranter,
Would often *Agamemnon* banter:
The reason was, the Flesh and Bone
Of *Jupiter*, and eke *Latone*,
Apollo, hated King *Atreides*,
For which he plagu'd his *townsmen*,
For the bold King had spit his fury at
The good Old Man *Chryses*, his Curate,
Who coming to redeem the Body
Of his Fair Daughter in custody,
Brought tythe Gifts, as a strong Inviter,
Besides lugg'd out *Apollo's* Mitre,
And in most civil courteous fashion,
Tickled their Ears with this Oration:
O! all ye Knights Valiant and Manful,
That love to tippie off a Can full;
God prosper long your Works of wonder,
And give you *Troy* to sack and plunder;
And when they mean to seal your doom,
Take you to Heav'n, — but not too soon.
Only send back my Daughter by me.
Look here, see these, can you deny me?

Many



HOMER'S Iliads.

IN

Immortal Doggrel.

BOOK I.

• The Argument.

Chryses abus'd, Apollo's Parson,
Whom King Atreides turns his Arse on.
The brawl's between him, and Achillès,
Who lost thereby his charming Phyllis:
The Gods strike-in, and make a Party,
And where they stick prove firm and hearty:
Juno and Jupiter fall out,
And make a most confounded rout;
Vulcan steps in, and makes 'em Friends,
Tells 'em a Tale. — And so it ends.

With an huge whisking Quiver shoulder'd,
 For want of using, almost moulder'd.
 And Arrows keen most fit for Battle,
 Which as he shakes, his haunches rattle.
 All wrapt in Shades, (for he'd be private)
 And furiously their Ships let drive at.
 And many a Mule, and many an Ass
 He brought to a most dismal pass;
 And now and then by curst transition
 He'd pink the Soul of a poor *Grecian*.
 For Nine whole Days (by calculation)
 He was pickeering in this fashion.
 But on the Tenth testy *Peleides*
 Thus spoke to's Fellows and *Atreides*:
 If now we can escape a basting,
 I know not why we should'nt be hasting;
 And not stay here another whole day,
 To be consum'd by Pox, and foul play,
 But yet I'm willing, e'er we go,
 To know who 'tis, that plagues us so.
 If there's a Place at hand, that's haunted,
 I beg the Dev'l may be acquainted
 By's Representative Magician.
 And see here! 'Tis as one could wish one.
 At that Sage *Chalcaas*, prone to cozen,
 And to reveal all Secrets choseh,
 Rose up, and stroaking down his Phyz,
 Spoke to our bouncing Hero, viz.

Nimble

Nimble *Achilles*, 'tis *Apollo*,
 That with his Vengeance does us follow.
 Were I but sure you would stand by me,
 Discov'ry I could make most timely.
 But there's a certain King in fault,
 Whose Wrath I fear ; therefore I halt.
 Then spoke *Achilles* : Man, ne'er fear :
 Dare any touch thee, when I'm here ?
 Shew me a Chieftain wearing Buckles,
 That dares encounter with my Knuckles.
 Nay, tho' *Atrides* self were guilty,
 I'll keep my word, and scorn to bilk ye.
 Then taking courage and eke breath,
 Says he, *Apollo* scatters Death,
 Because *Atrides* with rude jest
Chryses abus'd, my Brother Priest ;
 And would not be prevail'd to ransom
 His only Daughter, 'cause She's Handsom :
 But (what was worse) abus'd his Person,
 As if he were a very Whoreson.
 These words *Atrides* could not bear,
 And thus he levell'd at the Seer :
 Thou Preacher, always curses croaking,
 I ever found thee most provoking.
 Ev'n here it but too plain appears,
Phobus and me you set by th' Ears,
 As if he plagued us with this slaughter,
 Because I love the Parson's Daughter.

And

And so I do ; nay more than life,
 By Ten degrees, more than my Wife.
 Yet I will part with her, to shew
 I can for Peace my joy forego.
 But since ye will be all so cruel
 To let me loose my darling Jewel,
 Prepare me strait some worthy Prizes
 To recompence the loss of *Chryseis*.
 For 'tis not fit, that I alone
 Of all my Vassal *Greeks* have none.

To whom *Achilles* thus reply'd,
 Thou stingy, impudent *Atræid*,
 Why talkest thou to us of Prizes?
 What thou canst mean here none deviles.
 What booty have we taken? 'Sheart, Sir,
 We've yet took none, but you've had part, Sir.
 If *Chryseis* is recall'd by fate,
 Rail not at us, but rail at that.
 But if kind *Juno* give us *Troy*,
 We'll give her thanks, and give you joy.
 To whom *Atræides* thus reply'd,
 I am not one to be deny'd.
 Think not by vile insipid banter
 To take the privilege to rant here.
 Altho' to strength you make pretences,
 You shan't fright me out of my senses.

With

in *Immortal Doggrel.*

With some brisk Lais allay my Spirit,
Or (I protest) I shall not bear it;
Which if you stiffly dare deny,
You shall with treatment worse comply.
I will appropriate your Misses,
Or yours, or Drab of arch *Ulysses*.
But which — I'm come to no conclusion:
I soon shall take a Resolution:
And now let's turn our Thoughts and Eyes
T' accelerate the Sacrifice:
Things needful for the Fair provide,
And in due pomp th' Oblation guide.
To whom *Achilles*; worthless Knight,
And is it thus you me requite?
When for thy sake I War espouse;
The *Trojans* have not stole my Cows.
My *Myrmidons* are here, because
I'd help Revenge thy *Menelaus*.
And whence this Impudence arises
To rob me of my Darling *Briseis*?
Who to my proper Lot did fall;
The *Greeks* confirm'd it one and all.
When any handsome Booty's taken,
Tho' I ne'er flinch to save my Bacon;
I must resign to you my Booty.
But I'll no longer drudge on Duty.
For know that I'll remove my *Myrmi-*
Dons, and a Fig for all your Army.

You

You may be gone, the King reply'd,
 I still have Numbers on my side.
 Nor shall I want my just respect,
 Altho' you treat me with neglect.
 I'm valu'd most by *Jupiter* ;
 And since you with your absence jeer,
 Troop off with all your stubborn Crew ;
 I readily will 'bid y'adieu.
 Think you I value ought you mutter ?
 To shew my slight of what you utter,
 I'll tell you what, my Friend *Achilles*,
 To your fair Miss my Heart and Will is.
 I must, dear Heart, enjoy your Doxy,
 And (if you mutter at it) box ye.
 This b'ing too much for Man to bear
 Made gruff *Achilles* stamp and stare.
 What should he do in this Quandary ?
 So wond'rously his Passions vary.
 But out he drew his Ponyard quickly,
 Thought he, Odsbodlikins. I'll tickle ye.
 And he had don't, had not the Goddess
Minerva clapt him on his Boddice.
 Our Knight astonish'd at her Posture,
 Fell straitway to his *Pater Noster*.
 Making fine Bows (to shew his breeding,)
 Madam, quoth he, — and then proceeding.
 Is it to view th'Affronts I bear,
 That unexpected you are here ?

But

But sure I am, I shall not long
Forbear to vindicate my wrong.
Quoth she, I'm come to reconcile,
And to prevent a bloody broil.
Juno can't bear to see your Rapiers ;
The sight on't puts her in the Vapours.
You've leave to battel it in words,
But by no means make use of Swords.
He'll thank you, Ma'm, for the concession,
Answer'd *Achilles* in a Passion ;
Did I not honour you profoundly,
I vow I'd thrash this Mock-King soundly.
But since 'tis yours, and Heav'n's desire,
Vanish *Toledo*, and retire.
His Sword being sheath'd, but not his spite,
Minerva vanish out of Sight.
Then he began to tieze the King,
Thou Sot, thou Monkey, worthless Thing,
To whom a Battle is a purge :
Prithee, pretend not me to urge.
Why, Man, thou canst not bear the fight
Of Blood and Wounds, much less daunt fight.
And thou pretend to alienating
A Soldier's right ! pray hold thy prating.
See ! by this Truncheon I do swear,
(Which tho' no Branches now it bear,
They being lopt off for the nonce
To make it fit to batter Bones.

By

By this I swear, you'll much repent
 My absence, when you see th'Event.
Heſtor will oft his rage repeat,
 Hearing the News of my retreat.
 With fury then you'll fret, and foam,
 For having ſent me packing Home.
 Which ſaid, he ſlung his Truncheon down;
Atrides ſtrait began to frown.
 But up ſtood *Neſtor* on a ſudden,
 Who for an hoarſe voice had a good one,
 Who by the dint of nice Harangue
 Could make one drown ones ſelf, or hang.
 How old d'ye think he was? Why truly
 He was Three Hundred Years old full nigh.
 When he began this fine Oration
 So full and pregnant with perſwaſion:
 Good Gods! who would be ſuch a Fool,
 To be the *Trojans* ridicule?
 How will they laugh at us, and tither,
 To ſee our Chiefs knock Heads together?
 Come, tho' I'm Old, take my Advice,
 And ſhew, 'tis in you to be Wiſe.
 You'r both my Juniors, pray ſubmit,
 Juniors in Age, and eke in Wit.
 Know, that I've had to do with Men,
 The One of which of you'd make Ten:
 Gigantick Blades, whoſe very Name
 Would burſt the ſcanty cheeks of Fame.

There-

in Immortal Doggrel.

11

Therefore comply, let discord cease,
Use War abroad, at home use Peace.
I give you thanks, most Noble Donzel,
Reply'd the King, for your good Counsel.
But this *Achilles* is so Stout,
He is for bearing us about.
He thinks, that we must all comply
With hum'rous incivility.
If *Jove* took pains to make him bold,
He took much more to reach him Scold.
But then *Achilles* took him short,
And gave in answer this Retort:
May I become a Shrimp, a Villain,
And damn'd deceit and Treach'ry deal in,
If I your Orders e'er obey.
No more, o'er me extend your Sway;
My self I shall not so demean,
To Fisticuff it for the Queen:
But yet be cautious in that point,
Or some body, I vow, I'll point.
Soon as the dumpy King commanded,
The doughty Council strait disbanded.
The fierce *Pelides*, so puissant,
Went with *Patroclus* unto his Tent,
And *Agamemnon* had regard
To get an Hecatomb prepar'd.
The Bulls and Goats in solemn Wife
Made up th' unwilling Sacrifice.

Roast

Roast Beef and Vinegar he caters,
 At which the hungry God's Mouth waters,
 But *Agamemnon's* Heart was such,
 He must revive the former Grutch:
 He call'd to Bailiffs near at Hand,
 And this he gave 'em in Command:
 My Blood against *Achilles* rises;
 Go to his Tent, and fetch me *Briseis*,
 Whom if he does not quick surrender,
 I'll force from him the Female Gender.
 They heard, and having said, God save ye,
 They bent their course unto the Navy:
 Where dire *Achilles* in his rancour
 Had separately cast his Anchor:
 Whom when they saw, their Hearts went pit pat,
 And what to say they could not hit at.
Achilles from the Mizzen Mast
 Perceiving them most sorely dash'd,
 Baul'd out, I know you, therefore come on,
 And stout *Achilles* bravely Summon.
 Ne'er hang your Arses for the Matter,
 But thrust 'em forward; 'tis much better.
 If *Agamemnon* send you trotting,
 I can forgive his Bums, but not him.
 So said, he did his Whiskers twirl,
 And cry'd, *Patroclus*, fetch the Girl.
 'Tis bootless to use Controversy,
 Therefore resign her to their Mercy.

But

But by my Arms, and Heart of Oak,
I shall find time to make 'em smoak.
And thereupon his Friend *Patreclo*,
To please his Master, as most folk do,
Lugg'd out the Wench. The Bums grown bolder
Clap'd her most tightly on the Shoulder.
Away they lugg'd and tugg'd her sobbing;
Who never minded all her throbbing.
But this sad accident produces
The opening of *Achilles* Sluces;
Who cry'd and roar'd like any Noddy;
Consol'd he would be by no Body.
Still for that Oyster-whore his Mother
He bawl'd, and made an heavy pother:

O! Mother, in a fatal Minute
I sure was born, the Devil's in it.
Behold the sad, th' unlucky Crisis,
That robs me of my charming *Briseis*.
With that she leaps out of the Bilbo's,
And comes and tickles him at th' Elbows.
My Son, says she, whence all these Cries?
What grieves you? Why these blubber'd Eyes?
Ah! Quoth the Knight, in dismal ditty,
As if you did not know; that's pretty.
If you have Interest above,
And can prevail with Father *Jove*,
Use all your dear engaging Tricks,
Stroak down his Beard and such like freaks.

B

Beg

Beg him to aid the Cause of *Priam*;
No more his Adversary I am.
The Greeks will speedily embark it,
And bring their Hogs to a fine Market.
His Mother lovingly reply'd,
Ah! Son, ill Fortune's on your side.
Altho' our Days are wondrous short,
Fate with our Misery makes Sport.
But since the Greeks do so regard ye,
Leave them in perillous Jeopardy,
Nor give 'em any more assistance,
But keep 'em off at a due distance.
As sure, as you're on me begot,
I'll speak to *Jove* of — you know what:
Who now indeed is gone a raking,
With Blackamoors a Merry-making.
Soon as the Revels are once over,
The trusty Secret I'll discover.
I'll come again, sooner or later;
And strait she vanish'd under Water.
Ulysses welcom'd *Chryses* Eyes
With a good fat burnt Sacrifice.
And glad he was to see his Daughter
In the Retinue coming after;
Whom, when presented by *Ulysses*,
He almost smother'd with his Kisses.
But having once gin over Kissing,
Upon the Victuals he crav'd Blessing:

"O! thou *Apollo*! light Divine!
 "Upon us now benignly shine,
 "And since I've kiss'd my *Chryseis* Cheeks,
 "Avert the Plague that gauls the Greeks.
Apollo heard; and they sharp set,
 Fell heartily upon the Meat.
 And without Ceremony, or Sitting,
 When they begun, there was old eating.
 The Wine strait flew about like Mad,
 And made their dry Souls wondrous glad.
 Then you might hear the Madcaps hollow,
 A glorious catch upon *Apollo*.
 But when their Guts were almost crack'd,
 The Victuals gone, away they pack'd.
 But now let's turn our Eyes upon
Achilles, Gammer *Thetis* Son;
 Who (you must know) was in the dumps,
 And could fight Gyants to the Stumps.
 A Fortnight ended, in the Morning
 His Mother punctual to her warning,
 Went to *Olympus* on her Errand,
 And finding *Jove*, took him by's bare Hand,
 Gave him a hearty loving squeeze,
 Then thus began the God to tease:
 If e'er I've pleas'd in Word or Deed,
 May now my just Request succeed.
 Revenge the slight my Son endures
 By the vile Greeks, those Sons of Whores.

May they repent they've been so aulish.
 Let Trojan's drub 'em all, like Stockfish.
 The Thunder-thumping *Jove* still mute,
 The Baggage thus held on her Suit:
 Nay, promise that you will comply;
 I cannot bear you should deny;
 Tho' I'm unworthy of Preferment,
 Grant this, and I'm your humble Servant.
 Then thus reply'd the God of Thunder,
 Indeed, my Child, I can't but wonder,
 You'll bring me in a Noose, since you know,
 I needs must get the hate of *Juno*.
 And troth that is but grating Musick,
 Which for Diversiön there are few seek.
 But hush — if *Juno* over-hear us,
 Better the Fiends of Hell were near us.
 Slyly this Boon I'll grant (take notice)
 'Tis Death r' act openly, you know 'tis.
 Know by this awful Nod, I heed you,
 This Nod that makes low Mortals giddy.
 Which said, he gave the solemn Motion,
 And *Thetis* vanish'd with the Notion.

Yet not so secret their caballing
 Was carry'd on, but *Juno* rallying
 Came up to *Jove*, interrogating
 What he, and *Thetis*, were a prating.
 I must (it seems) know nothing not I
 Of what the silly Hoity-toity;

Thetis

Thetis has now been disemboгуing,
I wish to God there be no roguing.
Why Wife, says *Jove*, cannot I speak,
But you; Pox on you, must so squeak?
Had you but Grace, you'd be supposing,
You ought not thus to thrust your Nose in,
What I resolve, shall secret be,
For none can baffle *Jove's* Decree.
Well, quoth the Thunderer's scolding Wife,
I know the Secret on my Life:
And well wist, what that Oyster Whore
Was Begging on her Bastard's score:
That that eternal Huff-bluff Eully
Might maul the trusty Gteeks; and will ye?
Quoth *Jove*, I know you plaguy jealous,
And of your Humours none need tell us.
But if you are so damn'd uncivil,
By Nod, I'll kick you to the Devil.
You may perhaps think it an hard Case;
But all the Gods can't save your Carcase.

Thus ended the Divine Dispute,
The only way to make her Mute,
It rais'd a Hubbub great in Heaven,
That things should go at Six and Seven:
And *Vulcan* to clear up the Matter,
Set up himself as Moderator:
And thus bespoke the wrangling Goddess:
Mother, I vow, it is an odd case,

A thing so vile, it has no President,
 That you, who in high Heav'n are Resident,
 Should Scold, and squabble 'bout a Mortal,
 And put his Lordship out of Sorts all.
 Besides, this Point we're all agreed in ;
 What e'er you think, 'tis damn'd ill Breeding,
 To vex great *Jove*, and make him hector,
 And fright us so, we spill our Nectar.
 Kifs, and be Friends ; no more recoiling :
 This, Mother, to your reconciling,
 With that he took a potent Jug,
 And strait advanc'd it to his Plug.
 Mother, says he, be wise, and trust one ;
 Bring not upon us a Combustion.
Jove's damn'd unlucky in a Passion,
 As you'll perceive by my Relation :
 And sure I am, I pay dear for't here :
 You see my Legs not like a Courtier :
 Legs which were once as strait, and proper,
 As e'er were fastned to a Crupper.
 Being born with a damn'd hatchet Face,
 Unworthy of this lovely Place :
Jove on a time in a cuss'd Banter
 Took me by th' Leg, and gave me a Canter
 O'er Heaven's high Walls : May I die quickly,
 If I want tumbling perpendickly
 For Three long Days ; (pray do not giggle)
 I sprain'd Two Legs — but not my middle.

June

Juno so giggl'd at the Jest,
That by loud Laughing out she pist.
And all the Gods with mickle Laughter
Kept tithering for Nine Hours after.
But as they tickled thus their Fancies,
The Night began to make advances;
The Night, that healer up of Strife,
The truest Friend to Man and Wife.
And so it prov'd, for *Jove* gave over
His Anger, to become a Lover :
Now merrily prepared to Thunder,
He went to Bed, his Wife knock'd under.



The





The Second Book of *HOMER*.

The Argument.

*Atrides tells the Greeks his Vision,
Which flatter'd him with War's decision.
The Temper of his Men to try
He is for going back to Phtie:
Which pleas'd him well, but yet (God wot)
He would not let them budge a jot.
Thersytes, uglier than the Devil,
Proves in the Army too uncivil;
Ulysses brings him a notch lower,
And almost whips him at the Shore.
Before they enter upon War,
They call up Names, to know who's there.*



Hough Mortals were asleep, and snorting,
Jove could not slumber after sporting :
 Not that his Mind was set agog
 To play the whole Night at Leap-frog :

But, as he rolls about, his Pate is
 Taken up with what he promis'd *Thetis*
 About her Son ; who had been urging
 Severe Revenge for loss of Virgin.
Jove having pledg'd his Troth and Plight
 To avenge th' ill usage of the Knight
 Therefore he thought it a good fetch
 To send *Atrides* a damn'd Bitch,
 As e'er put Hand or Thumb to Distaff,
 Call'd Sleep ; whom knocking up with Bedstaff,
 Begon, said he, you * plaguy Whore,
 And trip it to the Græcian Shore.
 There *Agamemnon's* Hammock search,
 Who's now asleep, and fast as Church ;
 Creep under him, and in his Ear
 In Whisper's tell what now you hear :
 " Arise, thou Man of War, get up,
 " And in *Battalia* form thy Troop ;
 " For *Troy* you'll take, as sure as Gun ;
 " No sooner set upon, but won.
 " The Gods so voted in Debate,
 " And now draws near the Trojans Fate.

No sooner spoke, but in a trice
 The Phantom thro' the Welkin flies,
 And coming quick old *Nestor's* Shape in
 T' *Atrides* Bed-side, found him napping.
 This grave appearance of old *Nestor*
 Pleas'd him much more than that of *Preffor*
John, and for why? The Reason's plain;
 Because he never knew the Man.
 Thus spoke the Shape, enough to damp one:
 Awake, thou great Heroick Champion,
 Much Sleep should never close the Eyes
 Of Warriors, who are Stout and Wise.
 The Cares of Monarchs ruling o'er
 Others, should never let 'em Snore.
 Hear me the Messenger of *Jove*,
 Sending this Message with his Love:
 " Arise, thou Man of War, get up,
 " And in *Battalia* form thy Troop;
 " For *Troy* you'll take, as sure as Gun,
 " No sooner set upon but won.
 " The Gods so voted in Debate,
 " And now draws near the Trojans Fate.
 But let not what I now discover †.
 Go in at one Ear, out at t'other.

† ——— ἀλλὰ σὺ σῆπεν ἔχεις φρεσίν, μὴδὲ σιάνει
 Διγὰςται ———

So said, she went, and did not tarry,
 And left him in a sad Quandary,
 Thinking on what had *Nestor's* Shape on,
 And of fine things, never to happen.
 He did not doubt at all, not he,
 To take *Troy* Town, as sure as Day
 Too shallow the Design to search;
 That *Jove* would leave him in the Lurch.
 Shaking his Ears, he shook old *Lawrence*
 From off his Back, and said, Get far hence.
 So rub'd his Eyes, 'till they were sore,
 And then came thundring on the Floor:
 And having curry'd all his itches,
 He quickly trusses up his Breeches,
 Whips on his Doublet, and a * new Coat,
 (For ought I know it was a blue Coat)
 Which then, as soon as he had done,
 They say, that he put on his Shoon.
 His buff Belt o'er his Shoulders pendant
 He hung, with a stout Sword at th' end on't.
 Then took his Grandfather's old Cane,
 And trudg'd it to the Ships amain.
Aurora, now with rosy Cheeks
 Brought Day to *Jove* and to the Greeks.

* — *ἵνδυναι χιτῶνα*
καλλόν, ὑγιάτιον

When he the Cryer gave a Shilling
To call the † bushy Chieftains all in :
Who had no sooner heard the Song,
But they came crowding in ding-dong.
And when he found there none was missing,
He gravely spoke to 'em a this'n :
My fighting Friends, I must aver it,
I had a Vision last Night ver late ;
Which came in *Nestor's* Shape and Size,
And through the Nose spoke on this wise :
And canst thou Sleep, thou Son of * *Jocky* ?
Is't possible thy Cares should rock thee
So fast asleep ? Come, come, 'tis trifling
For you to Sleep of all Men living.
I am the Messenger of *Jove*,
Who sends by me, this, and his Love :
" He orders that you Strait get up,
" And in *Battalia* form your Troop ;
" For *Troy* you'll take, as sure as Gun,
" No sooner set upon, but won.
" The Gods so voted in Debate,
" And now draws near the Trojans Fate.
So said, the Phantom made its *exit*,
And left me very sore perplexed.

† — *καρνηκώωντας Ἀχαιῶς.*

* — *ὡς δαίμονες ἐν ποταμοῖς ;*

Now let us think of Sword and Gauntlet.
 But stay — I'll tell you how I'll hand' it;
 It will do rarely by this Light;
 We'll give it out we are for Flight:
 Then this Advantage will accrue t' us,
 To know who are, and are not true t' us.
 But carry not the Jest too far,
 Left we thereby our Projects mar.
 I'd have you further their abiding,
 For, if they flinch back, we betide 'em.
Atrides having spoke a while thus,
 Up stood old *Nestor*, King of *Pylus*;
 Who always counted was a Wise-man,
 Or else the Country much belies him:
 My Friends, says he, had any Rascal,
 Besides the King, took us to task all,
 And told us this same paultry Riddle,
 That came exactly in the middle
 Of Night — What Front of Brass, or Copper,
 Could boldly trump up such a Whopper?
 But since the King with Wits about him
 Does say 'tis true, let's fight it out then.
 They all got up, he ending thus,
 For all the World, like Bees, hum buz,
 When some body affronts their Captain,
 And on the Buttocks bare has rap'd him;
 So they rise, sounding in a Cluster,
 And make a lamentable dust here.

The:

The Beldam Earth groan'd with the load
 Of all their Weight, so thick they trod.
 It hap'n'd here, as in such Cafes,
 They quarrell'd about chusing Places.
 Then Cryers Nine, with Voice like *Stentor*,
 Baul'd out and ask'd 'em what they meant, or
 If they'd not hold their Tongues, by th' States
 They swore, that they wou'd break their Pates.
 All ceasing then to shove and hunch,
Atrides strait rose up with's Trunche—
 — On, which was made by dexterous *Black*—
 — Smith. If its Pedigree you ask,
 'Tis this. *Vulcan*, the Smith to *Saturn*,
 To great *Jove* gave it to serve a turn:
Jove *Hermes* gave it, that *Conniver*,
 Who *Pelops* left it the Horse-driver;
 Now *Pelops* sold it for a *Castor*.
 To *Atreus* the Tun-belly'd Pastor,
 Who dying left it to *Thyestes*,
 The Goat-head; he (in troth no jest 'tis)
 It to *Atrides* did deliver.
 For him, and eke his Heirs for ever.
 This is the Truncheon's Pedigree;
 Now, what *Atrides* spake, let's see:
 My trusty Friends, and Sons of *Mars*,
Jove now begins to hang an Arse:
 Who tho' he promis'd once his Thunder,
 To knock down *Troy*, he now knocks under:

Some

Some Maggot working in his Brain,
 He orders us to Sea again.
 And yet there's none, that dares dispute wi'm,
 His potent Thunder will confute him.
 But since we've lost so many tall Lads,
 And now to flinch, in wicked Ballads
 Our Sons will curse us in'all Weathers,
 And Rhyme us to the Dev'l with *Witbers*,
 Since we have been at so much Expence
 To gain a Town, and not get Six-pence.
 Alas! Nine Years we've been Entrenching,
 By *Jove*, much better w'ed been Wenching.
 Our tackle now begins to moulder,
 And every Day it still grows older:
 So are our Wives, who now grow stale,
 And for a Tetter turn up tail:
 We must expect they have been jerk'd,
 They can't live long unless they're firk'd.
 Therefore, says King *Atrides* cogging,
 Let's now hoist up Sail, and be jogging:
 This said, it caus'd a strong Commotion
 I'th' Mob, who swallow'd down the Poffen.
 This News their Joy and Courage rouzes,
 To think they now should see their Blouzes
 With Noise they rumbled Merriment,
 And jovially away they went.
 Just so th' *Icarian* Billows roar,
 As when the Tempests tumbled o'er.

So *Zephyrs* rustle on the ridge,
 And middle of a Quick-set Hedge.
 Each Captain now repairs to's Lighter,
 To mend old Cracks, and make it tighter,
 Stopping up Holes upwards and downwards,
 To make it fit to bear him homewards.
 As they went on in sober sadness,
Juno ev'n bit her Lips for Madness:
 And thus she to her Daughter *Pallas*
 Spoke, as I now shall tell ye: Alas!
 What pity 'tis, the noble Græcians,
 Both Common Soldiers and Patricians,
 Loose now their Glory, and their Charges,
 By sneaking homewards in their Barges!
 Leaving behind 'em Captive *Helen*.
 Make halt, or else they'll be a Mile on
 Their way to Greece; run with quick pace,
 And put a stop to all their haste.
 Inspire, infuse into 'em Courage,
 To exercise 'gainst Trojans more Rage.
 This said, as soon as she was able,
 She came among the Mast and Cable.
 Finding *Ulysses*, who was moping
 On top of Deck, she thus bespoke him:
 Thou gen'rous Son of good *Læertes*,
 And is it possible thy Heart is
 So ne'er thy Heels, thou must discover
 Thy Cowardise by giving over?

And

And leave the Glory of being Victor
 Unto the Trojans and to *Heñor* ?
 For Shame, my Lad, now you are well in,
 How can you tamely yield up *Helen* ?
Helen the Beauty, on whose score
 Thousands of Greeks have dy'd in Gore ?
 Call up your Courage, and your Pikemen,
 And order 'em to stand to't like Men.
 In smooth, yet strong Poetick Rapture,
 Urge 'em to fight to the last Chapter.
 So said, he knew her vocal Treble,
 And ran as fast as he was able,
 Throwing his Cloak off in such Fury,
 As shew'd his quickness, I'll assure ye :
 His Cloak ta'en up by *Eurybates*,
 Who follow'd him, scarce at the rate, as
 His Master ran, who with long strides
 Hap'ned to meet with King *Atrides* ;
 Of whom his Truncheon strait he borrow'd,
 And having gone with him 'bout two Rood,
 He all the Captains in his Ramble
 Saluted thus with this Preamble :
 My Heart of Oak, be not untoward,
 Nor manifest your self a Coward ;
 For you will much repent on't one Day,
 When you will know *Atrides* funn'd ye.
 Why, mun, I'm let into the Plot ;
 It is to try what Heart you've got.

And

And to trudge home again whose Vote is,
Wo be to him, who in his Coat is!
He had almost as well be under
The crash of *Jupiter's* dire Thunder.
But when he heard any o'th' Rabble
About returning homewards squabble,
Then would he wrap 'em on the Pate,
And thus severely would debate:-
Why how now, Buff, and what's the clutter?
What's here to do? What is't you mutter?
You'd best be mute, or chuse you, whether
You'll have your Neck and Heels together.
Must you be Vap'ring here, you lounzy
Tatterdemallion? Cod I'll trounce ye.
And how is it you keep a Coil here?
What! are you turning a *Wat Tyler*!
To bring us all upon the Level?
You had as good bring in the Devil.
Yon know not you were born to stoop.
Pretend to Rule? Marry come up.
I'm sure you have not done the Task yet,
Can shew that you deserve your Musket.
After this manner Domineering
He kept the Army all from veering,
And now it was they kept a bauling
A second time, to call 'em all in.

* Such Noise the Ocean, when turn'd Royfter,
 Makes, while it throws up many an Oyfter.
 And when they were in Council sitting,
 Solemn, and Grave, like Quaker's Meeting ;
 Up rises strait a gifted Brother,
 The *Bull* and *Mouth* han't such another :
 His Heathenish Name was, call'd *Thersytes*,
 And now I'll tell you who this *Wight* is :
 He's always an eternal Rattle,
 Will never flinch at Verbal Battle.
 He ne'er in Napkin hides his Talent ;
 For ev'n † Kings know't, he is a Gallant.
 And when-so-e'er he once begins,
 Beslaves th' Ungodly for their Sins.
 And screams so loud aided by th' Spirit,
 That three Miles distant you may hear it :
 His clumsy Limbs, and awkward Shape,
 Make him appear a very Ape.
 He had a whistling-Hunch his Back on,
 So big, that you may hang your Hat on,
 And when-so-e'er he takes his Text,
 His Nose he turns up Circumflect.
 His Shoulders rounder still and rounder,
 And with a spay Mouth, like a Flounder.

* Ἡχῆ, αἷς ὅτε κύμα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.
 † ———— εἰς ἀνδρῶν βασιλευσιν.

His * Head aspiring in such State,
 You'd think he wore a high-crown'd Hat.
 † Limps with distorted Joints, and squinting
 He looks Nine ways all in a twinkling.
 * The Hairs of's Beard kept at a distance,
 To trim 'em needed no assistance.
 His Cheeks all shrivell'd are, and thin,
 A very Razor is his Chin.
 Sure Nature made him for a Jest,
 And gave him spite enough t' infect
 The toping Greeks. The sage *Ulysses*
 His Rage and Bauling never misses.
 Against the King his plaguy Satyr
 Ne'er fail'd to find sufficient Matter.
 And thus he roar'd aloud, that they must
 Hear him to Hell at top of Gamut: †
 Why King, and canst thou be uneasy?
 What, in the Devil's Name, will please you?
 Have you not in your Tabernacle
 Choice Whores, of whom you may partake all?
 Nay, there's not one in all our Trenches,
 S' unconscionable for the Wenches.

* ——— αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε
 Φοξὸς ἔλω κεφαλῇ ———
 † Φολλὸς ἔλω, χαλὸς δ' ἔτερόν ποδα ———
 * ——— ψεδὴ δ' ἐπὶ τῇ πόδι καλῇ.
 † Ὁξεία κικληγὰς ———

We

We ne'er take Captive Trojan's Daughter,
 But your Mouth Waters to be at her.
 If any She is found to * straggle,
 You whip her up in your Seragle.
 Fye! 'tis a shame you set a Camp full
 A finning by your bad Example:
 Who have so carry'd on the Matter,
 They are become as weak as Water.
 So much they now unlike are to Men,
 They are as uselefs as our † Women.
 'Tis time they send their Calves to Grafs,
 And live no longer at this pass.
 They soon will want Boots that are fit
 Upon their Cat-stick Legs to set.
 We never shall forget the Distrefs
 Achilles suffer'd for his Mistress;
 Haul'd away by Bum-bailiffs raptim;
 Were I as he, I should have slap'd 'em.
 Ulyffes in a mighty Passion,
 Seeing him blunt in Application,
 Made him give o'er at a short warning,
 Who else had held it out 'till Morning.

* ——— ἵνα μίσγαι ἐν φιλότῃ
 * Ἦν τ' αὐτὸς ἀπορῆσαι κατὰρξαι; ———
 † ——— Ἀχαιοί, ἢ τ' Ἀχαιοί.

Thou Jackanapes, said he, thou Monkey,
 The King has reason much to thank ye,
 That with his Vices dar'st alarm one,
 And maul him in long-winded Sermon.
 Thou scurrilous, and chatt'ring Attick,
 Thou *Oliver*, thou curs'd Fanatick,
 That canst so boldly cant, and whine-o
 'Gainst him, who's King *Jure Divino*,
 And with his lawful Subjects tamper,
 To make 'em from Allegiance scamper.
 Thou Knight of the ill-favour'd Face,
 Open again that Mouth of Brags,
 And may my Head drop off my Shoulder,
 Which quite would spoil me for a Soldier;
 And may *Telemachus*, my darling,
 Tell me, his Mother has been parlying
 With Fops, to feague her who endeavour,
 If, Rogue, I brush not up thy Beavor.
 † I'll strip thee of thy Shirt, I sack,
 And on thy bare Ribs will so thwack,
 A good Cart-whip shall scourge thy Back
 Down *Addle-hill* to *Puddle-dock*, *
 'Till you cry, good *Ulysses*, knock.

† Εἰ μὴ ἔχῃ σε λαζών, ἀπὸ τοῦ φίλου ὅματι δῖου
 Κλαῖναν τ' ἠδὲ χιτῶνα

* ———— δοῦς ἐπὶ νῆας ἀφῆσθαι.

As

As earnest, strait *Ulysses* hops,
 And gives him a damn'd douse o'th' chops;
 Which made him sob, and bawl, and Whine,
 Like a *predestinated Swine*.
 For Grief between his Teeth he jabber'd,
 And Snot, and Rheum he vilely slabber'd.
 But when he cou'd find no relieving,
 He wip'd his Eyes, and Nole, his Sleeve in.
 It made 'em wonderful good Pastime
 To see *Laertes* Son thus baste him.
 And thus they 'spoke their Satisfaction:
 Noble *Ulysses* in this Action
 Has prov'd a worthy Fellow truly
 In drubbing the old Quack so blueely.
 Sure we shall have no more in Pickle
 The scur'lous Dregs of Conventicle,
 No more Lampoons on Monarchy,
 And Flourishes on Anarchy.
 So joak'd the merry Greeks *Protervè*,
 And 'mong the rest there stood *Minerva*,
 Dress'd up so arch, you cou'd not tell, Man,
 But that she was a very * Bell-man;
 Dress'd all in Red; with turn'd up Eyes,
 O yes, O yes, Q yes, she cries,

* ————— Ἀθλῶν.
 Ἐπὶ δὲ τὴν Κήρυκιν, Σιωπᾶν λαδὺν ἀνάγει.

To introduce cunning *Ulysses*,
 Going to speak, and whose Speech this is:
 Most Noble King, your Subjects strive
 To make you the worst Fool alive.
 For tho' they promised you fair,
 To help you in the toil of War
 At *Argos*, where's good Prog for Horses, †
 Yet now their Promise of no force is:
 Nor think they they're oblig'd to stand to't,
 Altho' Nine Years they've put their Hand to't.
 * They cry like Children, or a Widow,
 To be sent home without much ado.
 But yet, if on the Case we muse,
 They're not so much without excuse.
 For many a one, who in a Lighter
 Is carrying Coals, if it grows Night, e'er
 He can get home, while dreadful Thunder
 Threatens to rend the Bark asunder,
 And, if there chance to come a Wave in,
 And from the Vessel almost lave him,
 In piteous tone you hear him roar,
 Dear Wife, I ne'er shall see thee more.
 What just Excuses then have you here,
 Who've serv'd a Prentiship and Two Year,

† ——— ἀπ' Ἀργεῖ ἐκποδῆται
 * ὥστε γὰρ οἱ παῖδες νεαροὶ καὶ τὲ γυναικες
 Ἀλλήλους ἐδύοντο οἶκόν τε νεκρῶν
 C

Working with formidable Blade,
 Yet are not Masters of your Trade ?
 But yet, my Lads, let's not despair,
 We'll not return, since come thus far.
 How we like Fools shall look, when Nonplust
 We go without our Work accomplish'd.
 Let's longer stay, my bushy strong-locks,
 To see if *Calcas* be i'th' wrong Box.
 You may remember, Sirs, the Omen
 That hap'ned at the Altar to Men,
 And interrupted their Devotion,
 "When a fierce Dragon in quick Motion
 Flew up the Tree, as quick as Arrow,
 To seize the Nest of an old Sparrow :
 This fiery Serpent, sadly hissing,
 Gorged down Eight young — for Eight were missing.
 The * old one made the Ninth ; for all that
 The ravenous Beast her Quarters call'd at,
 And in the twinkling of a Broom-stick
 Made no more of her, than a Drum-stick.
 We stood, and trembled at the Monster,
 And none the meaning on't could conser,
 'Till *Chalcas*, being in the middle,
 Got up, and thus explain'd the Riddle :

* — αὐτὸς μήτηρ ἐσάτη ἦν, ἢ τέκα τέκνα.

" Since

" Since Eight the Monster did devour,
 " With cruel Teeth, and eke one more,
 " Which then made Nine, so I aver,
 " That you'll exactly be Nine Year,
 " Before you'll win, by Siege, *Troy Town*,
 " But on the Tenth you'll bring it down.
 Thus far the Prophet's in the right ;
 We have but one Year more, let's try't,
 Accurst be he that it deny'th,
 We've had Nine Years, let's have the Tyth.
 When he had spoke the Sentence out,
 They Epilogu'd it with a shout.
 Then stood up *Nestor*, that old Stager,
 And spoke, as tho' 'twere for a Wager:
 May I be hang'd, if in my Conscience,
 I ever hear'd such cursed Non-sense.
 † You talk like little Boys, or Lasses,
 That know no more of War, than Asses.
 Shall we in th' Execution faulter
 Of that, we swore to at the Altar ?
 And wound our Consciences by Perjury,
 Not to be cur'd by Art of Surgery ?
 We can in no wise find Expedients
 To free us from our sworn Obedience,

† ——— ἢ ὅτι πᾶν ἐπὶ τῇ ἐργασίᾳ
 Νημέλει, οἷς ὅτε μέλας πολέμῳα ἔργα.

HOMER'S *Iliads*

Until full Ten Years first are ended,
 And then 'tis time to be disbanded.
 Therefore, O King, you may, by'r Lady,
 Venture to Rule a Year, and a Day.
 If there be any not submitting,
 They shall be trounc'd for't, as 'tis fitting.
 I'm sure, *Jove* gave us a good Omen
 In our Way hither on the Common,
 When his bright Lightning kist our Faces:
 Therefore we now will mend our paces,
 And scorn now to be homewards stealing,
 Before we have recovered *Helen*,
 Restored her to her Husband's House,
 * And niggled every Trojan Spouse.
 I hope by *George*, we shall the Luck hold
 For every one to make a Cuckold.
 If any are for homewards sneaking,
 Before that glorious undertaking,
 Let him but shew his Face, and Zoons
 I'll punish him with loss of Stones.
 My King, I give you this advice,
 Which you will follow, if you'r Wife.
 Sort all your Men in several Clusters,
 For easiness to him that Musters.

* Τῷ μὴ πρὶς εἰς ἐπειγόντι οἶκόν τε γῆν τε,
 Πρὶν πῶς παρ' Ἑλένης ἀλόχῳ κατακοιμηθῆναι,
 Τέσσαρ' ὁ ἑλένης ὀρμήματα τε, σπονδάς τε

You'll

You'll know, what Captain then, or Cornet,
Will prove a lazy Drone, or Horner;
And who's most eager for the Battle,
And whose Teeth in his Mouth do rattle.
You then will know, by the Lord *Harry*,
What is the Cause, if we Miscarry:
Whether for *Jove's* Indisposition
To help, or want of Ammunition.

He having done, the King made Answer;
I must protest, my noble Grandfir,
So much I like what you relate here,
A Lawyer's Clerk could not prate better.
† I would to *Pallas*, *Jove*, *Apollo*,
I had but Ten could hoop and hollow
At this pure rate, I should not doubt
Out of *Troy Town* to roar 'em out.
I'm vext, that *Jove* should intermeddle,
And make me with *Achilles* squabble.
And now, when I think on't demurely,
I much was in the wrong most surely
To take his Wench, but if we ever
Our Horses chance to set together,
We'll not, like Fools, fall out again,
But put the Trojans out of Pain.

† Αἱ γὰρ Ζεῦ τε πάτερ, καὶ Ἀθηνᾶν, καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
Τοῖσ' τοι δέκα μοι
Ἐφ' οὗ καὶ πάλιν ἡμῶσι πόλις Πειράμοιο ἀνακλῆθ'.

C 3

We

" † Let not *Apollo* doubt his Flambeau,
 " Before I give *Hector* a damn'd blow,
 " And cut in two his Coat of Mail,
 " And make him, and his Friends, turn tail.
 " Then let us enter *Priam's* Palace,
 " And send him, and his Sons, to th' Gallows.

But *Jove* at this confounded *Pray'r*,
 Turned the deaf side of his Ear.

Now they fall to it in a Passion,
 And cut, and mangle it, and hash on,
 And tear the Flesh on't, enough to make
 One spew; it would so turn ones Stomach.
 So have I seen in private Acad—
 — Fmy the Sophs to slash, and hack it.
 And when the Noise was o'er, I'll pledge ye,
 Up *Nestor* gravely stands so sage he:
 Then to the King in Warlike tone;
 Now we have finish'd, let's be gone,
 And meet the Enemy in Battle.
 But first let Drums and Trumpets rattle,
 To put us all in such a plight,
 We may be even mad to fight.
 Then you might hear a warlike din,
 That made 'em all come rumbling in:
 And staring *Pallas* 'mong the rest,
 Who had a Buckler of the best,

† Μη μὲν ἐπ' ἡλίου δῶαι —

With

With Brass Studs decking it all round,
I warrant ye, it cost Five Pound.
With this she shoves 'em on to Battle,
Like so many stout Herd of Cattle:
* And gives 'em such an itch of fighting,
That they wou'd now take more delight in
Bubbling the Trojans of their Lives,
Then they would take to k — their Wives.

Now in bright Armour they move on,
† So bright that it put out the Sun:
Their Number equal to the Sands,
* Outvying Flocks of Geese, or Swans:
You never saw inside, and outward,
So many *Pismires* in a Cow-turd.

Atrides heard of all this rout,
With deadly courage fac'd about.
Just so a Bull with swinging Horns
Sticks Arse in Hedge, and Danger scorns.

But now, ye Rampant Muses, now
I would proceed, but know not how,
To tell the Name of ev'ry Prince,
That stood before *Troy Town* long since.

* ——— ἐν τῷ δέντρῳ ὅρσον ἔχοντα
καρδίῃ ἀλλήλων πολεμίζουσιν, ἡ δὲ μάχη δὴ
† Αἴγλη πεμφανδύουσι δι' αἰδέεσσις ἕσανδον ἴκα.
——— ἴδμεν πολλὰ
Χίτων, ἢ Κύματα ———

Had I Brass Mouth, Tea Clappers in't,
 A Voice of Thunder, Heart of Flint,
 I could not tell ye in parade,
 Their dama'd hard Names, without your Aid.

* * * * *

Hiatus in Manuscripto terq; quaterq; defendus.



The



The Third Book of *HOMER*.

The Argument.

*Young Alexander, that Jackstraw,
Does boldly challenge Menelau.
He'd pay'd too dear for the Bravado;
And lost his Life without more ado;
Had not kind Venus in a mist
Convey'd the Hero, where she list.
And where d'ye think she him convey'd?
But into a most stately Bed:
Where he perform'd (as I'll relate here)
A Duel of another Nature.*

NOW



OW all are for the Fight accouter'd,
Well fortify'd inside, and outward.
With shocking Sound, and horrid Noise,
Come thundring on the Trojan Boys.

With such a Noise (as Stories tell us)

* The Cranes surround those little Fellows,
Call'd Pigmias, worsting 'em in Fight :
Presto, be gone, they'r out of sight.

The Greeks with silence all proceed,
Prepar'd to do the bloody Deed.

In treading such a dust they made,
They might be said to walk in Shade :

† Such darkness does a mist procure,
Which an old Shepherd can't endure,
Tho' it might please a thieving Spark,
Taking Advantage, when 'twas Dark.

They now were almost come so close,
To tread upon each others Toes ;
Where you might see, as a Commander,
O'th' Trojans side, Runt *Alexander* :
Over his Shoulders he was clad*
With a strong Leopardine Plad.

* "Ηυστε ὅτε καλῶν ἡγεμόνων πέλει ὑπερόδοντες
Ἄνδράσι Πυρμαίοισι φόνον, καὶ ἡῆρα φέρεται.

† ————— κατέχον Ὀμίχων
Ποιμένα ἔπ φίλων, κλέπῃ δὲ τετυκῆς αἰμείνω.

Two.

Two Spears he brandish'd with his Fists,
And dar'd the Greeks t' enter the Lists.
He vap'ring thus, and domineering,
Set *Menelaus* King a sneering;
Who brought his Troop up in Battali,
Ready to fall on, or to rally.
As a fierce Lyon, when sharp set,
Turns himself round to spy his Meat,
Is glad to entertain his Eyes
With Stags, or Goats, or some such Prize,
Does easily his Stomach find,
Tho' Dogs and Hunters are behind:
So *Menelaus* pleased was
To see the Stripling vaunt, because
H' an Opportunity had got
To drub him well for—— he knew what:
He quickly springs from his Gallash
To fall upon the Pimp flap-dash.
Which the trim Dastard being aware of,
(I promise you) began to Sheer off:
And was in a most heavy taking,
Lest so he should not save his Bacon.
So when a Man a Serpent spies,
He strait discovers his Surprise:
His Cheeks turn pale, and (well-a-day!)
He's e'en prepar'd to swoond away.
His Knees knock one against another,
And much ado have to get further.

Hector,

Hektor, perceiving him turn tail,
 In this rough manner 'gan to rail :
 Thou smock fac'd, tim'rous, bastard, Knight,
 ¶ I would thou ne'er hadst seen the Light:
 Or long hadst dy'd before thy Marriage,
 Rather than by this shameful carriage
 Bring Ignominy and Disgrace
 Upon your self, and all your Race.
 How will the Græcians banter this,
 And play upon your boyish Phiz ?
 So Feminine, unfit for Battle,
 They'll Christen you a Squib, a Rattle ;
 In that you stole a *Bona Roba*,
 And durst not justify it to day !
 Do you not know, whose Wife you have ?
 The Wife of one resolv'd and brave.
 That Face of yours, tho' patch'd, and painted,
 Will stink, when with the Dust acquainted.
 Thou Newgate-Bird ! — (Pox take this couplet)
 † Mayst thou for ever wear Stone-doublet.

Then strait replied *Sawny* the little :
 Why do you dress me up in Pickle ?
 And slave, and jeer me at this rate ?
 I had as live you broke my Pate.

ἢ ἄλλ' ὀρεῖται τ' ἀγρότης τ' ἔλθῃ, ἀγαπῶς τ' ἀπόλεσθαι.
 αἶνον ἔστω χιτῶνα κακῶν ἕνεκ' ὅσῃ ἔσθλας.

Tho'

Tho' you've a Heart—— the Dev'l can't match it—
 ¶ As tough, and stout, as any Hatchet,
 That will make way, and boldly enter,
 Guided by brawny Ship-Carpenter ;
 How dare you jeer my comely Feature,
 Which manifests the God's good Nature ?
 You term my Glory, my Disgrace :
 Much good may do you, with hatch'd Face :
 Keep in your Breath to cool your Porridge ;
 You shall not say, that I want Courage.
 Make but a spacious Ring about,
 And he, and I, will box it out,
 Let him that has the greater force,
 Take *Nell* for better, or for worse.
 And to whose Lot shall fall fair *Helen*,
 Let him in Peace repair to's Dwelling.
 These Words of his pleas'd *Hector*, more
 Than any thing he spoke before ;
 Who with his Spear stood in the middle,
 And did the Trojan's Courage bridle.
 But the unthinking Græcian Hive
 Pelted his Pate with Stones full drive :
 When *Agamemnon* in the Nick
 Cry'd out, hold, hold, pray, not so quick.

¶ Αἰὲς τοι κερδὴν πλάκῃς ὦς, ὅσσιν ἀτρεΐης,

Contain

Contain your selves, for I conjecture,
That something would be said by *Hector*.

They thereupon their Rage gave o'er,
And *Hector* loudly thus did roar:

Hark ye, my bonny Lads, what say ye,

Ye Men of *Troy*, and of *Achaia*,

If I for once, like a Physician,

Prognosticate our Wars Decision?

And thus it is; my Brother *Paris*,

Whose Skin is white, and red his Hair is,

Dares *Menelaus* to the Combat,

To do his best when e'er the Drum beat:

And he, that has the greatest Luck here,

May take fair *Nelly*, and go f—k her.

Then all of us, both Greeks, and Trojans,

May go in Peace to their own Lodgings.

Here *Hector* stop'd, and made a pause,

And up stood Gaffer *Menelaus*:

Hear me, ye mighty Men of Blade,

I hug the Challenge that is made.

Since such great Numbers for your sake.

Do here their Lives, and Fortunes stake,

'Tis just, that each should spare his Neighbour,

And we each others sides belabour.

Bring me Two Lambs, one Black, one White,

To *Terra*, and the God of Light,

Let one of 'em a Victim prove;

While we the other give to *Jove*.

Let:

Let *Priam* a Spectator be,
To hinder ought of Perjury.
For he himself will prove no Dastard,
† Altho' his Son's a lying Bastard.
He may prevent our future odds,
Nor suffer us to chouse the Gods.

It pleas'd the Soldiers to a Hair
To think they should give over War.
They strip themselves with speed all round,
And throw their Weapons on the Ground.
Hector Two Trumpeters strait sent
Unto *Troy* Town, with the Intent
To bring King *Priam*, and the Victim:
To hasten their Return, he kick'd 'em.
But *Agamemnon* sent *Talthyby*
To fetch the Lambs; who went Tantivy.
While thus in hast they both ways buckled,
‖ *Iris* to *Helen* came white-knuckled.
Laodice's fine shape, and size,
She took to humour her disguise.
It hap't, she *Helen* found within dore,
Weaving Bone-lace, and near the Windore,
And much of Fancy, and of Riddle,
She had accomplish'd by her Needle,

† — ἐπεὶ οἱ παῖδες ὑπεφίαλοι, καὶ ἄπτοι.

‖ — Ἑλένην λαβωλὴν. —

But her most celebrated Piece
 Was— the long Wars of *Troy* and *Greece*;
 Which she had humour'd to a Wonder,
 And necessary Hints writ under;
 Left one should miss in the Conjecture,
 'Twas under written, This is *Hector*,
 This is *Ulysses*, and This Beast
Thersytes, so of all the rest.

Thus *Iris* spoke; Fair Nymph, look out,
 See what the Armies are about,
 How they fling down their Pikes, and Spears,
 Nor lug each other by the Ears.
 But leave that Point to their Commanders,
 To *Menelaus*, and *Alexandrus*,
 Who are to Combat for the Prize
 Of your resistless conqu'ring Eyes.

This Speech brought into *Helen's* Mind
 Things she in *Greece* had left behind.
 Now she her Husband long'd to view,
 Her Parents, and her Country too.
 The Tears came trickling from her Eyes;
 While she to a Balcony flies,
 Follow'd b' a brace of tall and slender
 Young Chambermaids, that did attend her;
 To whom came afterwards *King Priam*,
 With some grave Nobles, that did eye 'em:
 Old Peers, grown useless now for fighting,
 But still in female Wars delighting.

They

They by their Whiskers had been smelling
Out the fair Beauty of Queen *Helen* ;
And could not for their Blood forbear
To talk in Raptures of the Fair :

Cheap are the sultry toils of War,
And honourable ev'ry Scar,
By Soldier got in the defence
Of such a dazzling Excellence.
But yet, if we consult our ease,
We ought to send her back to *Greece*.

While they on this Harrangue were dwelling,
Old *Priam* thus addresses *Helen* :
Come here, my Mackaroon, my Hony,
And take a view of your old Crony,
View all your Friends, and see your Cousins,
Who are together by whole dozens.
Tell me, my Girl, who's that large Fellow,
That struts along, whose Sash is yellow ?
So tall he is above the rest,
They scarce can come up to his Breast.
I warrant you, a stout old Cuff,
As ever travell'd under Buff.

To whom thus *Helen* gave an Answer ;
• Would I had dy'd, my noble Grandfir,
When *Paris* took me, as his Prey,
O'er Hills, and Seas, and far away ;
Leaving behind my dearest Friends,
Who almost are at their Wits ends ;

And

And my poor little Girl (alas!)
 Wants her Mamma. — But let that pass—
 Now to your Question, Sir; you'd know,
 If I can tell, who's that long Beau,
 That is so eminently tall?
 Why him they *Agamemnon* call.
 Odso, quoth *Priam*, then 'tis he,
 A cleaver Dog, as one shall see.
 Among the Phrygians I have been,
 And not a tighter Fellow seen.
 I'm sure no Amazon Virago,
 Whole Looks would put one in an Ague,
 Could ever cope this Man of Strength,
 But would lie prostrate at his Length.
 Riddle-my-ree, my Girl; what's that
 Round-shoulder'd thing in the flouch'd Hat,
 That comically down and up
 † For all the World goes, like a Top?
 Sir, tho' unpromising his Visage,
 He is the wisest Man of his Age,
 I'm sure, there not a Child in *Greece* is,
 But knows the Cunning of *Ulysses*;
 He is as good a Politician,
 Believe me, Sir, as one need wish one.

† Ἀπρεπὸς μὲν ἔχοντα ἕκαστα μηχανήματα.

Ay, quoth *Antenor*, you say right,
 I knew him well by the first sight;
 For he it was and *Menelaus*,
 That lodged for sometime at my House;
 When they on Embassy were come
 On your account, I gave 'em room.
 'Twas then I clearly understood
 Their Soul and Bodies Magnitude.
 The Cuckold had a broader Shoulder,
 But then *Ulysses* look'd the older.
 The first indeed was no great prater,
 But when he spoke, spoke to the Matter.
Ulysses, when he would give Proof
 Of Eloquence, look'd sour, and gruff,
 With down cast Eyes he view'd the Ground,
 As if to speak what there he found:
 But then soft melting Words would flow
 From his smooth Tongue, like flakes of Snow.
 Tell me, what brawny Fellow's he,
 Says *Priamus*, whom there I see,
 The Græcian's Man of mickle Might?
 Quoth *Helen*, he is *Ajax* hight.
 And he behind him (if you see't)
 Is *Idomeneus*, King of *Crete*.
 And there are very many more,
 Whom once I knew in days of Yore.
 But by my Spouse his swinging B — ks,
 I see not here *Castor* and *Pollux*,

My

My own dear Brothers, whom one Mother
 Litter'd at one time or another.
 Perhaps they're now at *Lacedamon*,
 And durst not venture to be Seamen;
 Or if they're come, they're in the Lighters,
 And care not to be active Fighters.
 But she wist not, that *Alma Tellus*
 Detain'd at home these lazy Fellows.

The Cryers brought the Sacrifice,
 And made things ready in a trice.
 But first King *Priam* must be call'd,
 And one of 'em thus loudly baul'd:
 Arise, O King, and come down hither,
 Where we are all of us together.
 For there's no plighting Faith, and Troth,
 Unless you come, and take your Oath.
 Then *Priam* called for his Chariot,
 And gave them Orders where to carr'it.
 He soon was brought unto the Ring,
 And there saluted by the King,
 By *Menelaus* and *Ulysses*,
 With bended Knees, whose Hands he kisses.
 These Ceremony-mongers now
 Began to usher in the Vow :

¶ They

¶ They pour out Wine into the Platter,
And on the King they sprinkle Water.
Atrides a huge Knife lugg'd out,
Which was Three Inches full about;
And always stuck in Hole of Burton.
He cut some Hairs from off the Mutton.
And each of all the Rulers there
Had one of 'em for his own Share.
And then he with uplifted Eyes
Pray'd with loud Voice, and on this wise:

O *Jupiter!* whose special Care
In *Ida's* seen, hear thou my Pray'r.
O *Phabus*, Rivers, Earth, and all,
That punish Falshood, you I call,
As Witnesses to what I say;
If *Paris Menelaus* slay,
Let him keep *Nell*; in doleful dumps
While we trudge home upon our Stumps.
But if by *Menelaus* might
Paris be worsted in the Fight,
Then shall the Trojans quick restore
The Wench, and put her in our Pow'r.
Beside they shall a forfeit pay
For kidnapping the Lads away.

|| ————— χρητῆς καὶ οἶνον
Μίσρον ἀπὸς βασιλευσὶν ἔδωκεν ἐν χερσὶν ἑχέαι.

If *Paris* perish in the Field,
 And *Priam* should refuse to yield
 The Fine aforesaid, I will fight,
 'Till I by force of Arms come by't.

These Words he had no sooner spoke,
 But with a mighty Butchers stroak
 He cleft the Lamb's Two Jaws in twain,
 Who (poor things!) trembled on the Plain;
 When they could take in no more Breath,
 They yielded to the stroak of Death.
 Some Zealot in the midst o'th' Croud
 Utter'd this hearty Curse aloud:

" O *Jupiter*, and all the rest,
 " That punish Lying in the best,
 " Who e'er proves guilty of this Sin,
 " † May's Brains run out, as does this Wine,
 " ‡ And may his Wife become so Whorish,
 " To be the Drainer of the Parish.

Now *Priam* rose up to be gone;
 Says he, I cannot see my Son,
 My darling Son, so hard put to't,
 As he may be in this Dispute.
 But *Jove* foresees best; who will have
 The Victory, and who the Grave.

† ὅς τις ἐγκραδίῃ χαμδαίῃς ῥέουσι, αἵ δὲ οἷον,
 ‡ ——— ἀλοχοὶ δ' ἀλλοισι μυγαίν'

His

His foolish fond Concern, and Pity
Carry'd the old Sire to the City.

Ulysses now, and *Hector* stout,

The Limits of the Fight chalk'd out,

And then they hustled in a Cap,

To know which should give the first slap,

And one of 'em, I know not which,

Talk'd to great *Jove*, and us'd this Speech:

O *Jove*! that know'st the Heart of Sinner,

May of these Champions he prove winner,

Who an't accountable the fight in,

For all these bloody Wars and Fighting,

But may the other fall, and die,

And to the Devil go, say I.

To *Paris* fell the lucky cast,

Who now to arm himself makes haste.

* He fastens on his Boots with Pins,

On purpose to secure his Shins;

His Breast-plate on his after fluck;

'Twas Wisdom to secure his Pluck;

His Stick-frog next hung at his Breech,

And then to shew his wild Caprich;

* Κνημίδας ἰσὺ ἀπὸ πείνης καὶ κνήμην ἱσθμῶν,
κακὰ δ' ὑποπόδιον ἐμπροσθεν ἀγχιέρας

† A Horses tail on Helmet top
 He stuck, which look'd like any Mop:
 And in this Bedlamitish figure
 Strutted about to shew his Vigor.
 And *Menelaus* on the contrary
 In warlike Garb did not much vary.

Ready for Fight, they both look gaudy;
 And now they give 'em room enough.
Paris puts on a woeful Phiz,
 And from his Hand his Lance goes whiz,
 And does with wondrous haft alights
 Upon the Shield of's Opposite,
 Which does no harm, but only rase
 A little th' outside of the Brails.

And now it was high time (I trow)
 For t'other Knight to throw his throw.
 Yet e'er he spent his Ammunition,
 He dunn'd poor *Jove* with this Petition:

" O *Jove*, my good Design succeed,
 " To make this Leach'rous Monster bleed,
 " That other Folk the Crime may fly
 " Of breach of Hospitality.

Thus having eas'd his Mind by Pray'r,
 His Lance he poizes in the Air,

† *Κεαν δ' ἐν ἰσθμῷ κωκυτός ἔσσυτο.*

And

And with great Force he flung his venture;
(O sad! O sad!) he made it enter
Through Paris Shield, Coat, Waistcoat, Shirt & A
But by kind Fate it did no hurt:
But stopp'd at a huge Body's Louse,
Else it had spoil'd him for a Spouse
The Greek, observing his good luck,
Came towards him with his drawn tuck,
And on the outside of his Head
A weighty Load of Strokes he laid.
But oh! the sad and foul mishap!
Pox take the Blade! 'twas two it snap'd & equal
Which made him curse, like unto *Hugh Patel*,
While thus he storms and frets at *Jupiter*.

" See here, you plaguy God of *Ida*,
" This is a pretty Fancy! hot day!
" My lousy Blade flies into flitters,
" When I should cut this Dog to twitters."

Then, flying furiously at *Paris*,
He flung him flat upon his bare Arse;
Made poor *Pilgasslick* cry, and snar,
Then dragg'd him all along the Floor.
He still pull'd on with many a jerk,
Which certainly had done his Work,
Because the lowest end of's Helmet
(As for his Head, it overwhelm'd it)
Was fastned some how 'bout his Neck,
When pull'd, it put him to the squeak.

For sure the Greek had spin his Weapon, they had
 Had not kind *Venus* come in Season,
 And with a costly Thing in time of War
 The Helmet without more ado
 Came off his Pate, the stripes too following,
 Which set the Greeks all a-hallowing.
 And now he should the fatal stroke,
 But *Venus* in a Cloud of Smoke
 Convey'd poor *Paris* and his friend
 Of *Menelaus* unto his friend,
 And laid him in a Bed of Rest,
 Well fraught with store of sleep and ease.
 Then *Helen* for his sake, with a Carriage
 She found her Egg with a Carriage
 With many a Nigger-folk and Neighbourhood
 All groping, just as she lay down.
 Then turns her *Lament* (God a mercy!)
 Into a Spatter of old gold,
 An antiquated Baud, for such a one
Helen well knew, and so she said

She from her *Charm* spoke on his part
 Your Husband, you're so good,
 Extended on his Bed of Rest,
 He longs to kiss you, and all that
 So Charming looks, and all that
 My old Chops water for a sign

Helen did at last, and so she said
 And that she might as well be dead

And

And start'd the Bellam through and through: T off
 And then, the Goddess 'twas the know, how idly I
 By her fine Alabaster Neck, and her soft arms
 Too good for an old Bawd, I feck. I believe it
 She then, (or the Historians lies) her love
 Confess'd in these Words, her surprise: And O how
 Why how now, Goddess! Queen of Love, how
 What bawdy, fancy, now does in your Greek
 Thy Brain with widdow'd thoughts replace? You
 Dost think I'm for a Contam'd Man? How should
 Now he is cast in the Night, and all of W
 And I'm become a wretched Night? how should he
 I know your drift, it shan't take place, yett wot
 To send me homeward with disgrace. how shan't he
 And would you make him so unwill? how shan't he
 Are you a Goddess? No, a Devil! how shan't he
 * Prithee, no more retards to Heaven, and how shan't he
 But e'en below your Bangian drive, how shan't he
 Woo him your self, please your own Suit, how shan't he
 So long, until you put him to rest, how shan't he
 To take you for better, ife worse, how shan't he
 For Whore, or Wife, the greater Crime, how shan't he
 I will not stir: It shan't be said, how shan't he
 See there her Bait upon the Hook. (How shan't he)

* ———— *τίς γὰρ ἀνθρώπων ἀνθρώπων ἀνθρώπων,*
Μὴ δὲ οὐκ ἀνθρώπων ἀνθρώπων ἀνθρώπων.

The

The Trojans their with sound of Trumpets
Might well proclaim me for a Strumpet;

Venus, tho' vex'd unto the Heart,
Yet mildly did these Words impart:

Provoke me not, you know not yet
Th' ill Consequences of my hate;

With ease I'd make, us'd I my might,
Both Greeks and Trojans hate thy fight;

You'd best comply, and cease to jeer;
Those Words made Helen quake for fear:

‡ Who then flung on her her white Head,
And softly went, where Venus would be led.

Now they were come to Paris Door,
And Venus caper'd in before;

Clap'd her self down before the Fire,
And Helen in a Chair sat by her;

Who could her anger keep pass'd over,
For thus she fell upon the silken cover:

It seems you then have framp'd this bout,
Thanks to the She, that help'd you out;

Have I not often heard your Brags,
You'd Menelaus beat in Rags?

Now challenge him, if you think fit,
But now (I trust) you have more Wit.

‡ Βῆ δὲ κατὰ πόδα ἱστῶν, ἀφ' ἧν, ὡς ἔειπε.

My Female Spight ev'n yet not such is,
To wish you once agen in's Clutches.

Prithee, says *Paris*, now have done,
Who can re-call the setting Sun?

Tho' *Menelaus* a Conquest made,
'Tis known, 'twas by *Minerva's* aid.

Nor do I doubt to pay again
The Foil, that I did late sustain.

Some time I'll drub the Victor's hide,
We've Gods and Godlings on our side.

But hush, my Queen, now let us prove
The most transporting Joys of Love.

* I ne'er before felt such a swinging
Arдор, as now enflames my Engine.

Nay, to a more enormous pitch
Is carry'd now my am'rous Itch,

Than when I tised first your Store.
Faith I must bus you — and do more.

These Words were powerful to move:
The tender Fair no longer strove,

But gladly yielded to the doing
Of what's the end of all Men's Wooing.

The pimping Goddess kept the Door,
While *Paris Nelly's* Charms ran o'er.

* Οὐ γὰρ πίπτει μ' ὅλη ἔσται φέρων ἀμειψάμενος,
'Ὅς σὺ τοῦ ἔχου, καὶ ἐν γλυκὺς ἡμεῖς αἰετῶν

When Menelaus, the Champion,
 He bit his Thumbs; the Ground he stamp'd on;
 And much he wonder'd, where the villain
 The cowardly young Dog was sneaking.
 He ranack'd ev'ry Soldier's Budget,
 Where he might be, as he did judge it;
 But yet could get no tale or tidings,
 Where the young Whippersnapper abiding;
 His Legs quite tired with searching dogs;
 King Agamemnon thus spoke strong:
 Hear me, ye Trojans great and small,
 The Conquest to our Lot does fall.
 For Menelaus in the Combat,
 Ye see, has Alexander home beat.
 Therefore fair Nelly quickly return,
 And we will trouble you no more.

The Greeks knew he was in the right,
 And swore, the Trojans should stand by't.

Enter Agamemnon
 Now, Trojans, I have brought you
 The Conquest to our Lot does fall.
 For Menelaus in the Combat,
 Ye see, has Alexander home beat.
 Therefore fair Nelly quickly return,
 And we will trouble you no more.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ILLIAD.



